### RIDING BUCK JUMPERS.

EXPERIENCES ON THE BACK OF HORSES THAT JUMP.

Buck Jumpers Are Found in Large Num bers in Australia-How It Feels to Be in the Saddle on One of These Boasts An Account of a Dimenit Mount.

Mr. Fineh-Hetton, who has much to suphone buckers, tells us that sore bucks and girth galling are the curses of Australia bush riding-curses which are chiefly du-to the carelessness of riders. A horse fesolely on grass and gulloped nearly a him liable to sore back than one fed upon cat: and an additional disadvantage to Austra-Bian "walers" is that they are never groomed, and therefore have very dirty conts. Moreover, they are ridden in shapeless, cumbersome machine called colonial anddle, which is made of rough leather, with a high portined and cantle

and huge knee pads.
Altogether this unwieldy contrivance weighs about twenty pounds, and any thing better devised to create a sere back it would be impossible to invent. The Aus-tralian winter nights are sold and fresh, and it is astonishing that there should not be more roarses in the island continent. Nature revenges herself, however, by in-flicting on almost every Australian horse back, and it was the belief of Lieut, Mundy, the author of "Our Antipodes," that the large number of Austra-lian buck jumpers was directly attributato the universality among them of sore buck.

Mr. Finels Hutton adds that this trouble-some complaint is seldom caused by an English saddle, and for this reason be made a point of invariably using one during the whole of his stay in the colonies, unless he knew that the animal he was about to bestride was certain to buck, "in which case it is perfectly hopeless to stick on in an English sabile."

Seated on a buck jumper the rider sees nothing in front of lifer but the pommel of the saddle, and feels, in Mr. Finch-Hatton's words, "as if he were assisting at an earthquake or a railway accident." In bucking a horse tucks his bead between his ferelegs, and holds it so low as some times to strike his under jaw with his bind feet. Meantime the back is arched like that of a pugameious cat, and the tremendons bounds, sometimes forward, some-times backward, and sometimes aside, made by the animal in this position are kent up almost without intermission for several minutes, until, in some cases, he throws himself on the ground, baffled in his attempt to unseat his rider, whom he tries to crush by rolling over him.

To sit him, unless the saddle has knee pads, is said by Mr. Pinch-Hatton to be an solute impossibility; but in a colonial worst and most violent offender. A ROYAL BATTLE.

One hundred and thirty years ago the celebrated Col. Tarleton, who was called "the Scourge of the Carolinas," had a tus-sle in Virginia-where he was fighting for King George III against the American rebels-with a formidable black thoroughbred who was credited with being able to jump six feet high, and to keep on jumping and bucking, sometimes straight and some-times with sidelong bounds, for half an hour at a time. An account of the struggle between the mail horse and his indomitable rider was given not long after its occurrence by a Virginia new-paper in as dramatic and stirring a bit of writing as

er appeared in print.
"Just then," excluints the narrator, "my attention was attracted by the violent plungings of a horse which two stout Eathe spot where Col. Tarleton and I were standing. The borse was a large and powerful brute, beautifully formed, and as black as a crow, with an eye that seemed to blaze with ire. His progress was or continued bound-at times swinging the grooms off the ground, as though they were tassels hung on his huge Spanish bit. I saked Col. Tarieton the meaning of this scene, and he answered quirtly that he had heard of the horse as an unmanageable brute, and had bought him for the large sum of 2000"-the word "dollar" was then unknown in North America-"in order to as well try to back a streak of lightning."

THE BRUTE CONQUERRO. Col. Tarleton, hewover, had not miscalculated his own powers in the saddle, Rather below the middle height, and with a face almost femininely beautiful, the brove sabrour" of the British army was at that time a perfect model of sinewy strength and vigor. Without a particle of superfluous flesh, his rounded limbs and broad shest seemed to be melded out of from, yet with an elasticity and suppleness shape. His dress-it was the height of summer-was a jacket and breeches of white linen, fitting close to the figure Boots of russet bother hung below the here, with their tons turned down and their heels garnished with bright military spors. In his hand was a scourge, "with shot twisted into its knotted lash." He approached the side of the dimening horse, and disdaining the use of the stirrup threw bimself at one bound into the saddie. With a snort of rage or fear the liberated animal lesped into the air like a

"Every device which instinct could suggest was resorted to by the furious brute however, the high couraged horseman satunshaken in his saddle, plying the scourge and driving home the rowels until drops of blood trickled freely to the ground. Unable to endure his punishment, the horse soon flew with the speed of an arrow across the 'terre plaine' in front of the cump. Inn quarter of an hour, during which the tortured beast was kept to the gallop, he stood, with trembling limbs and lack-luster eye, before his conqueror's tent. Thave seen many stirring scenes," concludes the narrator, "but none half so exciting as the strife between that dountless man and savage horse." - London Telegraph.



"Got anything for the shakes, young

That bottle I sold you last night was for that purpose.

New but the directions said shake well before taking. If I count snake the old man well I wouldn't want the medicine. I want something that'll scale him well without shaking." -Barrer's Pour

MARION MANGLA AND JACK MASON. She Is Mrs. Mould in America, but Will Marry Mason in England.

It has been a long time since an actress has received more free advertising in the same length of time than Marion Manola has during the three or four months just passed, and yet she doesn't propose to take advantage of it. Instead of going upon the stage again at once and reaping a harvest of shekels from her notoriety she proposes to go abroad. The fact that she is going abroad to be married is the only excuse which she can offer for such a wholly un-

isineaslike transaction That she is already in the United States the wife of a Mr. Mould seems to have no deterring effect on her present matrimonial intentions. She wants to marry handsome Jack Mason and handsome Jack Mason wants to marry her, and that ends it, Mould or no Mould.

Jack Mason was until a short time ege the idolized of all Boston idols. He was the comedian of the Museum company, and Boston could better get along without beans than without its Museum company.



JACK AND LOWELL MASON so that he might take a much needed rest, and it is now announced that nothing could possibly be so restful to him as going to Europe and marrying Marion Manola So he will probably sail with his brother Lowell and the bride-elect.

There is really one drawback to plan, and that is the performance of a hor-rid Boston tailor. Jack and his brother entered into a kind of silent partnership with this tailor some time ago and now, as the concern did not make money, Jack and Lowell have been called upon to settle up certain accounts. The case is so com-plicated and the different parties to it have such wholly different ways of looking at it that it is nuite as impossible to get at he rights and wrongs of it as it is to get at the rights and wrongs of the suit which Mrs. Mould (beg pardon! Miss Manola) is bringing against the theatrical firm of Locke & Davis for \$850 salary and dressmaker's bills.

It will be remembered that Mrs. Manola-Mould sang during the son mer the part of Prince Bul Bal in De Wolf Hopper's opera "Castles in the Aic," which is owned by Locke & Davis. Well, she asked for two days' leave of absence, and got it. She took the two days, and by a singular process stretched them out into two weeks, which it is said she passed on Jack Mason's yacht. This disconcerned Messra Locke

& Davis, and the trouble bega-Another striking festure of Mrs. Manola-Mould Soon to be Mason's career with the "Castles in the Air" company deals wholly saidle any one who keeps his nerve and is that the managers of the company wanted a fair horseman can triumph over the to have photographs of its members taken in costume for advertising purposes, but costume and she objected.

She has a little daugister (whose name is Mould), and she didn't want that little



in tights in the shop windows as she went to school. But the managers of the company load her photographed by flash light furing a performance, and got the picture despite fair Marion's protests. This caused

two divorce suits somewhere on the calen-dar now in which. Marion, is more or less interested. One is brought by her against Mr. Mould, and the other is brought by Mr. Mould against her. An interesting question is, What would be her name if both suits were granted and she afterward married Jack Mason?

World's Consumption of Tea. The tea consumption of the principal nations of the world annually is as follows: British West Indies, Guiana and Hon-

West Contral Asia apart from Russia. Thillet and East Asia, cutside of ope, apart from Russia. North Africa, Morecep, Egypt, etc... Russia in Europe and Asia Scalib American states Straits settlements and Eastern Archi-Great Britain

United States, with Pacific coast .... Thought breasts of an invisible host,

-London Tit-Bits.

Carking Care. "li's not because we like it that we has tle so in our business," said a leading Bos-ton merchant. "You have no idea of the great responsibility of such a business as this. To be sure, it brings wealth, but what is wealth after all! Money in itself s of very little account. I wouldn't give five cents a bushel for it; it don't bring happiness; I am happy, but it is not be-cause I have money, but in spite of it. Happiness is a matter of disposition, and money can neither bring a good disposi-tion nor happiness. My happiest days were when I had a small family and a salary just big enough to support that family. Why not was up now that I am in comfortable circumstances? Ab, how little you fellows know of the shoals and quick sands of trade! If you let up in this race in the least you are lost."—Boston Traveler

Sophomore-I heard one of the girl undergraduates make a truly womanly an swer the other day.

Sophomore-Yes. The professor in astronomy asked her why the earth goes

around the sun. Junior-What answer did she make? Control Disease New York San THE CUIRASSIER.

It was raining, but a scarcely visible fall, as if the drops were pressed through a fine sprinkler by a gigantic hand behind the clouds, which sailed low in the

chilly air. But in spite of the stinging slaps of the saucy wind the boulevard was full of people, two crowds, one of which moved by the force of business necessity, the other more slowly, impelled only by curiosity, but both meeting and passing in constant succession.

At the corner of a street and the boulevard was stationed a little boy scarcely 10 years old. His brown, thick, ancombed hair fell in locks almost to his evebrows, or stood out like bristles from his temples. His jacket, vest and pantaloons were ill fitting and remade rom old, worn cordurey, which had changed from a yellowish brown to a dirty gray hue. They were entirely too large for him, but then (it was reasoned) he would grow inevitably, whether economy made this desirable or not. His face and hands showed the spots of mud which were spattered on him a short time before by a luxurious carriage that, in passing, almost touched his three feet of corner territory. He had small, bright, gentle blue eyes, and was named Charles Froer. His father, who was a street vender of

toys, had placed him there some days before to sell something which he had lately invented. It was a wooden cuirassier of brave bearing, mounted on a spirited steed. When a certain spring was touched the horse would prance off on quick moving wheels, and the soldier would brandish heroically his formidable saber, rising and then falling to pierce some invisible breasts, or to mow off the heads of some imaginary host of the invading enemy. During this terrific attack the cuirassier would roll his eves ferociously, and his savage mustache would bristle with fury. What more alluring and entrancing toy could be offered to a boy with a drop of French bravery in his young heart? The father sold many of them in walking the neighboring streets near the wonderful Church of the Madeleine. But he chose to have his son remain at the street corner, having suspended from his neck a frame in which a company of the cuirassiers were in line in the full splendor of paint and gilding.

Every morning he received twenty of ! giver. them, and each one sold for twenty sous, Thus every evening, in mounting to his home in Acacia street—the sixth story of the house-he must show twenty sous for each missing cuirassier. Now he shivered in the misty air; his cheeks, nose and ears were purple, and his little chapped hands were buried to the elbows in his pantaloon pockets. In a feeble, thin, but sweet and melancholy voice he

"The cuirassier, the fine, brave cuirassier, for twenty sous!" But the indifferent crowd passed on, leaving him to repeat his offers as regularly as he had

heard his father do. This good man, a gilder by trade, but now out of his proper work, turned to this business to keep out of idleness, that he might the better feed his motherless children. He naturally sold many more of the toys, because in his good natured way he added to these attractions by his sparkling Parisian jokes, they compelling attention and inducing the listeners to buy. The little boy could not do this; indeed was rather sad while crying, "The cuirassiers, brave cuirassiers, for twenty sous!" Tears were in his voice, but not because of the cold; he was accustomed to that, Nor was he ill or hungry; on the contrary he was strong, and his father gave him plenty to eat.

disturbance, almost of fear, the children and never know cold or want. of the wealthy who were tempted by the pretty toys to approach him?

And when he sold one, and the twenty sighs burst from his curved lips and his eves follow with a jealous and desolate expression the happy child who disappeared in the crowd triumphantly bearing away the gallant soldier? That day business had been excellent, only one toy remaining-one only, and nineteen pieces of silver jingling in his purse. Near him, almost touching him, came a little boy, clinging to his mother's hand. Although of the same age he was much smaller than Charles and very thin, his face being enuciated and wan. It seemed hard for him to walk, for his right shoulder projected in a hump.

They had never spoken, but they knew each other very well by sight, having often met. The deformed boy was named Gaston Lembelly, one which Charles proached, looking behind him to see if thought almost too grand for so small a 20,000,000 body. His mother was a rich widow, who lived in the first flat of the house in Acada street, of which she was owner.

Gaster stopped before Charles, recognizing him with a smile and a bow. He gazed cornestly at the remaining toy, and exclaimed, "Oh, mamma, see the

18,000,000 splendid cuirassier!" His dark rimmed eyes-these of one to soon close them forever-1,000,000 opened wider, and he reached his long, coc.co thin, waxy hand to grasp the wooden soldier and touch the spring. Immedi-tomon ately the horse gave a fierce bound, and the rider brandished his weapon as if 220,000,000 the rider brandshed and piercing the

"Oh, mamma, please buy him for me!" 13351,500,000 child?" asked the mother.

"Twenty sons, madame," "There is the money," and Gaston Lemberly walked off with his prize. The little wooden frame was now empty, but with confracted lips Charles bent his head. He tried hard not to weep, but it was too much for him, and his forehead almost touching his little shelf, his hands thrust into his pockets,

he burst into a shower of tears and sighs.

Gaston Lembelly heard him and turn-

ed about pulling his mother toward the little vender of toys. "Why are you weeping?" he inquired. in a familiar and kindly manner; for shildren are fraternal with each other before they are spoiled by convention-

ality. "Has some one hurt you?" He sighed, but could not answer. The little invalid insisted. Come, now, tell me why you are

Charles wiped his eyes with his sleeve, but his tears werting the mud remain-ing on it from his former efforts it left a gray sour on his troubled visage, exten ing from his right eye to his lettest Between heasighs, in broken senten v

"1-am-not-crying-hou-hou! No -one-has-hurt-me. No-I-am-not

- crying - only - my-cuirassiers, my fine cuirassiers!" "Very well. Have you not been paid

for them?" "Yes, but I love them so much. They are so handsome, when I have them all there before me. I look at them with so much pleasure! But I dare not touch them because papa has forbidden it. Then when they are all gone I weep, for I would like so much to have one all to

myself!" "And have you not asked your father for one?"

"Yes, but papa is poor and cannot afford it. He needs all the money for us." The little invalid looked at him with gentle but astonished eye.

"Then one would make you very happy?" he asked. "Oh, yes, indeed!" sobbed Charles, with a new flow of tears.

Then Gaston reached him his toy. "Here, take mine! I give it to you and you can keep the twenty sous, too!" Charles Froer feared he did not hear aright-dared not believe his ears. Nevertheless he half reached out his hands with curled fingers, wide open, sparkling eyes, half smiling while hesitating to be

lieve in his happiness. "May I not give it to him, mamma?

in deep emotion, patting her hand in her pocket, but suddenly withdrawing it she murmured:

"Perhaps his self denial will win him more of heaven!" and she disappeared in the crowd with her physically deformed STANDARD, but noble minded child.

Charles Froer returned to Acacia street. His account was correct. For his twenty cuirassiers he returned twenty

He hid his toy in his pocket. In the evening he played with it; in the morning also before starting out. He even took it with him to the boulevard, fear-

ing if he had it at home that his father might find it and make him resell it. This continued through all the cold month of December, but the little street | This Sad Tale Has a Moral for Bridevender was now merry, and his voice,

though still feeble, was no longer sad when he cried: "The cuirossiers, fine cuirassiers, for twenty sous!"

had not seen the little invalid, but the darkness. gift was a daily joy and reminder of the

house owner, is very ill." Charles felt a sharp pain in his heart,

and large tears filled his eyes. Two days the ear with a gentle, diffused murmur, after his father again said:

prictor, is dead " Charles shut himself into the closet the field of dramatic art. sheet over his head and wept, hardly eyes straining to pierce the horrible knowing why. He dozed, but continued gloom, braces himself to meet the shock to weep in his dreams.

of the house hung with black drapery, solute foreknowledge of the impending bearing in silver the initials G. L.

On a table at the entrance, beneath | The train plunged on into the darkthe wreaths of flowers, and lighted by ness. wax candles, was a little casket, not lar- At high noon of that day Eulet Melone ger than would have been required for a had wedded Glycerine McCurdy, and child of 5 years. When it passed out the blissful pair had started on their under the hangings many friends followed it. But far behind the procession, In one of the crowded cars of that more unkempt than usual, his hands still train sat Eulet Malone and his lovely deep in the pockets of his corduroys, bride. times flakes of half melted snow were expressibly weird and touching. face and eyes.

cheerful; it was a happy thing for little bride-these, with the knowledge that Why, then, was he shedding tears, good to those of the poor here below thoughtful observer to pensive reverie. and why did he regard with an air of would meet and play and love each other,

Charles did not dure enter the church, Mr. Melone, after the train had emerged but lingered in the vicinity until he into daylight again. could join the procession in its slow sous sank deep in his pocket, why did | movement toward the cemetery of Mont- | blushing bride. martre. He kept far away from every one while the remains of his little benefactor were being hid away forever, pered, "I should have taken advantage He felt almost ashamed to be there, as if it were a bad action, not having been invited by any one. And he trembled the wondering bride. "Somebody did, for the safety of his company of cuiras half a dozen times?"-Chicago Tribune. siers which he dared to leave in charge of a friendly comrade, unknown to his father, that he might follow, even afar in the mourners' line, weeping for his little friend. He also avoided the keepers, fearing they might chase him away.

Men, women and the little children, friends of the dead boy, passed back through the gate, and Gaston was left answered, "So they won't make so muc forever under the cold of the wet earth. It was then that Charles timidly aphe was watched. No, he was entirely alone. With care and tenderness he drew from his deep pocket the wooden

Cultussier. His mother did not buy him another, and there won't be any up there perhaps," he softly whispered to himself He considered the toy a minute,

touched the spring, and for the last time the steed galloped, the saler cut and Mr. Starioarder's appetite, Miss Two pierced and put in flight the terrible but | week."

Then he kissed the brave man on each check, pressed him on his breast, knased him again and gently plured him beneath the levely and oderous wreaths-a fitting grave for here and steed. In leaving the cemetery he continued to turn and throw kisses until the new made "How much for your cuirassier, my grave had faded from his sight -- Varied from the French of Jules Mary by Bally Blake for Boston Budget.

> Raleigh and the Headsman. "You are not like my good friend Shakespeare," said Raleigh to his executioner after he had inspected the instru-

ment of death. "Why," asked the headsman gruffly. "You provide for no intermissions between the ax."-New York Herald.

Desn't Need a Cock.

A man in Houston county, Gz., in order to save the extravagance of a wife and the expense of biring a cock shells his corn, and before carrying it to the mill spreads on the floor before the fire, where is it arched. The corn is then ground into meal, and when he stirts to work in the merning he makes up a mash of meal and places it out in the sun to dry. As the meal is already cooked, it will be ready for his dinner when he comes in from work.-Chicago Herabi.

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A TUNNEL EPISODE.

grooms to Ponder. Without a moment's warning the train plunged into a tunnel.

There is something frightful in this sudden change from the garish light of Two months passed, in which Charles day to the profound gloom of Cimmerian One moment we see flashing past us a

wide spreading landscape on either One evening he heard his father say: hand. All is gayety, animation, abound-"Gaston Lembelly, the son of our inglife. The next moment everything is blotted from sight. The noises of the train that came to

are now focused into a deafening, terri-"Gaston Lembelly, the son of the pro- ble roar that assails the senses like the meddened rush of John L. Sullivan into where he slept. In hed he drew the The timid traveler, with wide open

whose coming he feels with that vague Two days more he saw the large door sense of alarm that is worse than the abdanger.

Charles Froer followed. The sky was In the spectacle of young wedded love covered with a pall of dark gray, and at on its first journey there is something in

beaten by strong gusts of wind into the The manly, protecting devotion of the young and tender husband, the seraphic Truly living in such a time was not glow on the check of the gushing, artless Gaston to go away to a country where people are rushing blindly into this kind

"Were you alarmed, dearest?" inquired

"N-not much, Eulet," answered the "If I had not been afraid this tunnel

was a short one, Glycerine," he whis of the darkness and kissed you, my love. "Didn't you kiss me, dear?" exclaimed

Feared to Overdo the Matter.

On Independence day a package of torpedoes was given to little Lilian to celebrate with. After a time she was discovered looking for soft uncovered placebetween the flagging on which to drop them. Being seked why she did so sh noise,"-Judge.

Most Impolitic Young Man. "I hear that your engagement with Ethel has been broken off. How did i

happen Well. I didn't agree with her fathe in politics, and I refused to attend church with her mother."-New York

The Latter, Probably. "You should feel complimented by

Either complimented or bankrupted returned the lady, with a stony glare at the hungry guest - Harper's Bazar.

A Tailor's Courtship. Lena-Und haf you really sooch a drong attachment for me, Isaaci Schneide-Yaw: it was like a button sewed on mit sile !\_ Prob

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